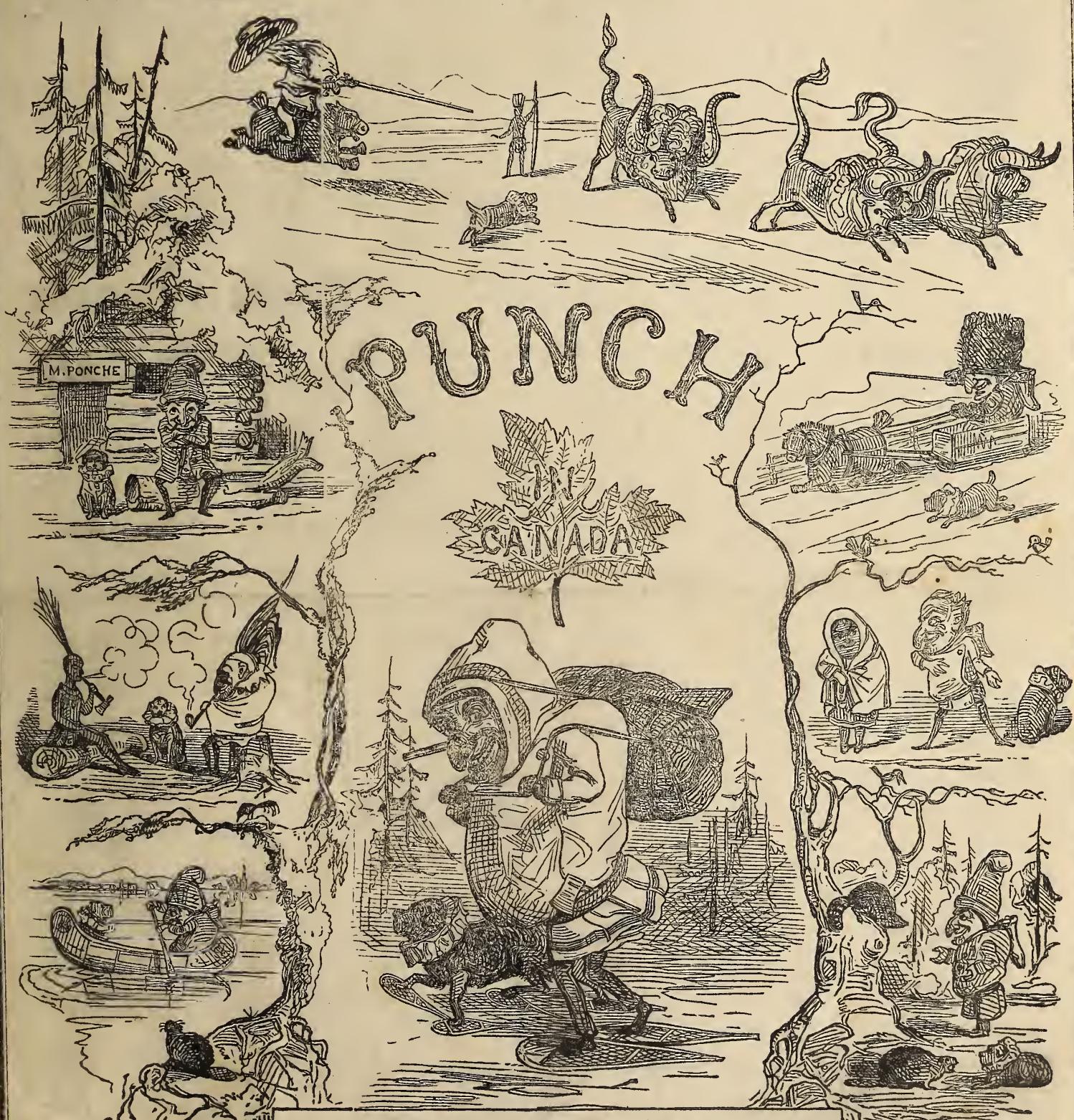


Vol. 1.—No. 8.]

April the 28th, 1849 !

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# PUNCH'S ADVERTISING PAGE.

## TURKISH BLACK SALVE!!!

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**THIS SALVE**, prepared from the original recipe procured from a Celebrated Turkish Hakim, (physician) of Smyrna, in Asia Minor, and which has obtained an unprecedented celebrity in Great Britain and the East Indies, from the astonishing cures performed by it in both these countries, has lately been introduced into Montreal. As might be expected, its popularity has followed it, and its use is becoming general among all classes.

The Proprietors, prompted by the very flattering reception it has met with in the Metropolis, have determined on extending its usefulness to all other parts of Canada; and, for that purpose, have established Agencies in all the principal Cities. They flatter themselves that when its wonderful properties shall become more generally known, they will meet with that encouragement which the introduction of such a valuable medicament into a country justly entitles them. The contracted limits of an advertisement necessarily precludes their entering into any adequate detail of its merits, but, for the information of the public, they intend to publish, from time to time, such statements of cures as may occur, and for the present will content themselves with merely enumerating some of the complaints for which it has been used with the most complete success, — such as Swollen Glands, Broken Breasts, White swellings, Cuts, Whitlows, Scalds from Stem-boats Explosions, or other causes Burns, Scrofulous Sores, Sore Nipples, Carbuncles, Scald Head, Gun-shot Wounds, Bruises, Boils, Frostbites, Wens, Chilblains, Ulcerated and Common Sore Throats and Bumions. If used in time, it will prevent or cure Cancers, also, Swellings arising from a blow on the Breast, Ring-worm, Pains in the Back, Rheumatism, Gout, Pains in the Chest, Palpitation of the Heart, Complaints in the Liver, Spine, Heart and Hip. Rushing of Blood to the Head, Swelled Face and Toothache. Its benefits are by no means confined to the Human race, but it extends its healing qualities to the Brute creation. It is an excellent application for Saddle and Harness Galls, Broken Knees, Cracked Hoofs, &c. In fact, it is impossible to enumerate half the complaints that have been cured by the application of this Salve. It is very portable — will keep in any climate, and requires little or no care in its application, as it may be spread with a knife or any substance, viz: chamois leather, linen, or brown paper.

## VOICE OF THE PRESS.

The original Recipe of the "Turkish Black Salve," was brought from Smyrna, in Asia Minor, by an English Lady, and hence its name. By this Lady the recipe was given to a celebrated London Chemist, in the Strand, whom alone for a length of time manufactured it in England, and it had a most extensive sale for its merits were duly appreciated, although they were never publicized by advertisements of any kind. After the death of this Lady, the recipe was given by some of her relations to the present Proprietors, who have constantly made it for their own use and that of their friends, and have also given away quantities of it to poor persons. The Proprietors have lately introduced it into Montreal; its use and the benefits resulting from it are well known in several of the most respectable families in this city.—*Montreal Morning Courier*.

**CERTIFICATE.**—INTERNAL PAINS.—Gentlemen,—I beg to add my testimony to the efficacy of your Turkish Black Salve, and you are at liberty to make this letter known, in whatever form you may deem proper: for I think it right that the virtues of such an invaluable medicament should be made known as extensively as possible. I had for some time been afflicted with pains in my side and arms, which eventually became so painful as to destroy my rest, and to be almost insupportable. I tried many remedies, but to no purpose. At length hearing of your Salve, I procured some, and applied it as a plaster, according to the directions on the wrapper, and, after a few applications, the pains left me, and, although several months have since elapsed, I have had no return of them.

I am, Gentlemen, your obliged servant,

Montreal, Nov. 1484.

F. ANDREWS.

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His Tariff of Prices will be found particularly favorable to Merchants and others, whose stay with him will extend more than one week.

St. George's Hotel, Quebec, April, 1849.

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**SINCLAIR'S JOURNAL OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA**, will be published in Quebec, once a fortnight, until the 1st of May next, when it will be issued once a week.

It will contain 16 pages Royal Octavo, making two hand-some volumes of 400 pages each.

As it is intended to be devoted exclusively to Literature, everything of a political nature will be excluded from its columns.

The original and selected articles, will at all times, have for their object the improvement and cultivation of the human mind, and from the literary talent that has been secured, it is confidently hoped, that ere long, it will become one of the first Literary Journals in British North America.

The Terms will be 12s. 6d. per annum, commencing from the 1st of May, single Nos. 3d.

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As this journal will have a large circulation in the country, parties wishing to advertise will find it to their advantage, as a limited space will be kept for that purpose.

R. SINCLAIR, QUEBEC.

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## Punch in Canada

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**CLUBS!** Subscribers forming themselves into Clubs of five, and remitting six dollars, will receive all the back numbers, and five copies of each issue, until the first of January, 1850. A remittance of three dollars will entitle them to the Publication until the first of July.

### To Future Subscribers.

In all cases the subscription must be paid in advance. The half dollar being awkward to enclose; a remittance of one dollar will entitle the subscriber to the Publication for eight months; four dollars will entitle the sender to five copies of each number for eight months; two dollars to five copies for four months.

### To Present Subscribers.

In some few instances, Punch has been sent to orders unaccompanied by a remittance. This involves Book-keeping, expense of Collectorship, and ultimate loss. The Proprietor respectfully informs his present subscribers, who have not paid their subscriptions, that No. 8 will be the last number sent, on the unpaid list, not because he doubts their responsibility, but because he dislikes the nuisance of writing for money. He detests to be dunned, and will not lay himself under the necessity of dunning.

### To Booksellers.

All Agents for Punch are respectfully requested to send in their account of sales, and remit the amount due, however small. Let them remember that wise saw, of which the accounts of "Punch" present a modern instance, "Many a mickle mak a muckle."

### To Advertisers.

Punch in Canada circulates from Sandwich to Gaspe. — The travelling season is about to commence. Not an Hotel in the Canadas, but Punch will be on the table. Not a steamboat on the rivers or the lakes, but he will perambulate amongst the passengers. Reflect on this, Oh, Advertisers, who seek for support and sustenance from the Bipeds who migrate, and honor Punch and yourselves by inserting your names in his pages.

### OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

**PUNCH IN CANADA.** — This satirical and funny old dog has arrived in Canada and taken up his abode, permanently, we hope, in the good city of Montreal. We have received the first number of the publication, it is decidedly superior to any thing of the kind that has ever been published in Canada. The illustrations are very good, and the periodical is certainly well got up.—*British American*.

The contents are sharp, sarcastic, and pointed, on public men, even the labelled lawyer, Gubee, does not escape, and the Editor seems determined to—

"Eye Nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,

And catch the manners living as they rise."

The work is interspersed with wood cuts, after the style of its great progenitor. The designs are admirable, and well executed. We wish the proprietor and publisher success in his novel undertaking.—*Hamilton Spectator*.

## THE PEPERBURY FAMILY.

HOW MISS PAMELA PEPPERBURY LOST MR. JOHN FITZROY TOMPKINSON, AND HOW THE LOSS BROUGHT ON A FIT OF "GREEN AND YELLOW MELANCHOLY,"—HOW MR. PETER PEPPERBURY BETOOK HIMSELF FIRST TO THE DOGS AND THEN TO CALIFORNIA, AND HOW MRS. PETER PEPPERBURY CONSOLED HERSELF AMIDST THE FAMILY AFFLICTIOnS.

## CHAPTER VI.—CONCLUSION.

 SAD change came suddenly over the fortunes of this amiable family. The prosperity and high dignity of Mr. PETER PEPPERBURY, was a drop too much in the cup of happiness, a turn too many of fortune's everlasting wheel, and we regret to say that the first stroke of her malicious spite was levelled at the fair PAMELA. It came unexpectedly and cruelly, and on the side of her affections, for strange to say, Mr. JOHN FITZROY TOMPKINSON had really contrived to make an impression. It came in this wise. The Regiment of Mr. JOHN FITZROY TOMPKINSON was suddenly ordered to India, on the receipt of the intelligence of the disaster on the Jhelum. The grim old Colonel who commanded it caused a representation to be made to a certain high authority, that it might be as well for his corps, as it was likely to be actively engaged, to proceed to its destination with its full compliment of officers, and that as another Aid-de-Camp could easily be found to ride behind Sir JASPER SHABRACQUE, he therefore suggested that an order should be sent forthwith to Mr. JOHN FITZROY TOMPKINSON to rejoin his Regiment. And it was sent, and that interesting young gentleman had just twenty four hours allowed him to pack up his kit, settle his affairs, and put himself *en route*. Packing up his kit was a serious business: for Mr. JOHN FITZROY TOMPKINSON, was a young gentleman who did not at all agree with Sir Charles Napier as to the quantity of articles necessary to take the field with. But there was no help for it, so Mr. JOHN and his servant, proceeded to pack up some twenty pairs of boots, dozens of coats and scores of trowsers; lots of boot hooks and hairbrushes; bottles of scents and jars of shaving soap; hundreds of useless and costly knicknacks; enough of whips, harness and horse gear of all kinds to stock a saddler's shop. And then Mr. JOHN FITZROY TOMPKINSON packed up his books—there were only two or three of them; those he was obliged to exhibit at certain periodical inspections; and then he put on his regimentals, and lastly his sword—and as he looked at the latter, there rose before him an unpleasant vision of whole ranks of Sikhs, and Affghans and Beloochees, with fierce mustachios and very sharp tulwars, and Mr. JOHN FITZROY TOMPKINSON at that moment felt very queer and uncomfortable, and we are afraid that he broke the articles of war by an indulgence in profane swearing. In other words, Mr. JOHN FITZROY TOMPKINSON damned his bad luck and the people at the Horse Guards. Having thus packed up his baggage, and the sight of his chests, boxes and bags would have made old Napier's hair stand on end, Mr. JOHN FITZROY TOMPKINSON made arrangements with a brother officer for the sale of his horses, and his Staff uniform and appointments, and went to bid farewell to his numerous friends and PAMELA PEPPERBURY. We cannot say that Mr. JOHN FITZROY TOMPKINSON appeared to be much affected at the prospect of parting with the fair Pamela; the truth being that he had no more real respect for her than he had for the Queen of Clubs, and had only flirted with her because she was a very pretty girl, and the fashion. Mr. JOHN FITZROY TOMPKINSON conceived it to be as indispensable and requisite to have a flirtation in every town he was quartered in as to have a horse in his stall. So he wished PAMELA PEPPERBURY good bye for ever, without a word of sorrow, without a word of explanation; he did not even promise to write to her; he did not even make her a parting present of the white-legged chestnut mare. PUNCH is not malicious, but he sincerely trusts that Mr. JOHN FITZROY TOMPKINSON will meet with something unpleasant on the banks of the next river to the Jhelum, whatever that may be; he does not hope that he may lose an arm or a leg, only that Charles Napier may order twenty

camel loads of his effeminate trumpery to be pitched into the water. Poor little PAMELA took it sadly to heart; besides that she liked the man, beast though he was, it is not pleasant to be made a fool of; and with all her faults she had a warm heart and a high spirit. It has in one respect done her good; she has quite eschewed the Polka, and is no longer seen promenading for hours at a time on the sunny side of the most fashionable thoroughfare. We did indeed hear, that she had become very religious and was an active teacher in a Sunday school, but that we hardly believe. Mr. PETER PEPPERBURY JUNIOR., "Broker and General Agent" is himself broken; thoroughly done up; the affectionate father has refused any further advances, and his unhappy mother is tired of his delinquencies—so Mr. PETER PEPPERBURY JUNIOR, has started for California to add one more to the rogues and knaves, congregated in that auriferous region. Whether he will return with any gold, is quite another matter; we have not yet heard of any one who has.

There remains yet one other member of this interesting family—the mother of the children—the wife of the husband—the daughter of the drummer—and of her we shall only say, that not even the unexpected honors showered on the head of her husband, by a discerning and pugilistic constituency, and a needy and unprincipled Government, could entirely make up to her for the sorrows and misfortunes of her children. Mrs. PETER PEPPERBURY has taken the affairs of her son and daughter so sadly to heart, that for two months she has done nothing but scold her servants and occupy her leisure hours in perusing the light and agreeable pages of the "whole duty of man" a book held in great estimation by old "ladies of both sexes";—some scandalous people say that she has acquired a great taste for cherry-brandy, Punch says nothing but he thinks the more.

There is a moral to this history of the Pepperbury family; but it is not necessary that it should be written here—for is it not written, on the faces of scores of men and women, whom we meet daily in the streets—is it not written in courts of law—in the Gazette—in the jail—in the mad-house—in exile—in suicide—in disgrace? We may have written in a light manner of these things, but it is the way of Punch. His style may be light but he inculcates serious truths.

## WHAT IS A BRITISH AMERICAN LEAGUE?

Mr. Punch having been waited on by a highly influential deputation (his boy, with a clean face and a subscriber) requesting to be informed what a British American League is: instantly formed himself into a Committee and makes the following

### REPORT,

Your Committee, Mr. Punch, having looked into his mensuration tables, finds that a British American League is about three miles. A French League is two miles and a half. The famous seven League boots are understood to have strided twenty-one miles. The corn-law association was a League, and so was the band of forty thieves: the band of the nine-teeth Regiment is not a League: although they might be present when others are beleaguered. Leagues are generally marked by mile-posts: as thus: DISTANCE FROM CANADA TO THE UNITED STATES. 1st Post erected by the Hon. Geo. Moffatt, 90 miles, decreasing distance. 2nd Post erected by Thomas Wilson Esq., 7 1-2 miles. 3rd Post by Harrison Stephens Esq., O.

From all which your Committee, Mr. Punch, concludes that a "British American League" is a distance of about three miles from Annexation Point.

The whole is respectfully submitted.

## A MONSTER PETITION.

Punch is authorised to state that a numerously signed Petition is to be presented to "Dolly" in the course of a few days: the prayer of which is that he keep his establishment open to a late hour on the nights of musical parties at "Monklands." The petitioners having found from experience that though "music is the food of love," it is not refreshing to those who travel miles on bad roads to listen to it. Harmonious sounds are very delicious but under such circumstances even cod-sounds would be preferable.

## THE MODERN MRS. CHAPONE.—No. III.

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS TO OUR JUDY'S BELOVED CLARISSA.

As private parties succeed public balls it naturally follows, that in this letter I should direct you as to your behavior at *soirees musicales* and *thés dansants*. Here you must be the lady, for until you are so considered, you will not get an invitation, and of course under such circumstances you would not go out. Now a lady is known more by her tin than her temper, and is rated by her gown rather than her gentleness. But remember the reputation for money is as good as actual possession. Or in default of both substance and shadow, a confident assurance of manner is very advantageous. It is by no means necessary now a days to cultivate the mind, to have refined tastes and generous sympathies. On the contrary these insipidities are thought slow. A lady ought to have spirit, a loud laugh—and a capability at all times to talk about nothing in a sort of voluble mumble; for with her the tone rather than the sense, is the indication of her gentility. Above all she must avoid undue condescension; keeping persons not in society and her servants at a respectful distance. If she has commenced this sort of thing late in life, for I assure you, it is by no means necessary to be born to it, she can soon pull up, by noting how others do. No education is necessary, but it is highly advantageous to have a flirtation with a married man who keeps his carriage, which will establish her character. Of course she must dance, and she must learn the piano. If she have any relatives less aspiring than herself, she must cut them, for her polite friends, cannot possibly know them. She must have constantly on hand a good assortment of anecdote, true or not, it matters little, about her friends. If she likes to be witty, she can, for as she never read a book in her life there is no fear she will be a plagiarist.

Carry out these principles at evening parties, and you will be sure of success. Make yourself agreeable only to those worth your while to conciliate. Snub all improper pretenders to your acquaintance not omitting the mistress of the house if necessary. Have a sliding scale for your friendships, but none for your sincerity, which ought to be the same for everybody. Be ready to flatter people who can serve you, and cut those who cannot. Dance by system and flirt by rule. Have a good stock of quadrilles, waltzes and polkas, by which means you will be enabled to show off, and never go out without your music books. In fact you should make it a rule always to obtain the newest of these classical works before any body else. For they constitute the only music worth knowing, a remark which by no means applies to the antiquated productions of Haydn Beethoven or Mozart, mere psalm tunes, which every well bred person holds in proper contempt. If asked to sing, at once comply, whether or not you have a good voice. The principle qualification for success is assurance; and the louder you squall and the more hideous your grimaces the higher the execution will be ranked. A language you do not speak is preferable, and if you fail to give a correct pronunciation the advantage is obvious, for your Spanish will be taken for German and vice versa, consequently your acquirements will apparently extend over a wide range. Where it is established you do sing, a little gentle hesitation is always an agreeable prelude. In entering a room take your shawl in with you if it be a handsome one—and as it is for show not warmth, it must hang loosely down the back, the ends only being held at the elbows, your dress can never be too long, for as whoever approaches you is sure to tread upon the skirt, so you can draw yourself up with dignity, and talk of the awkwardness of "some" men. Besides in promenading round a room, it is so agreeable to be held fast behind like a rat in one of the patent exterminating traps, and there is an agreeable romance in having the train pinned and refitted.

In conclusion, I cannot but express the delight which both your uncle Punch and myself experienced at your conduct at the Bachelor's Ball; you not only laughed louder than every body else, but you evinced a proper sense of your beauty on the choice of your partners—and the people you looked at need we add our admiration at the length of your dress which was more trod on, than any skirt in the room.

Persevere, my dear—Persevere, and you will become a pattern for your sex.

Your dearest Aunt and Friend.

JUDY.

## FOR QUIET PEOPLE.

To let, a convenient residence--at least a mile distant from a minister's house.

## PUNCH IN CANADA'S LETTERS.—No. V.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF ELGIN AND KINCARDINE &amp;c. &amp;c. &amp;c.

MY LORD,

I beg to call your Lordships attention to the following passage quoted from Macauley's history of England.

"It will be seen how, in two important dependencies of the Crown, wrong was followed by just retribution: how imprudence and obstinacy broke the ties which bound the North American colonies to the present state."

Your Lordship has given your assent to the bill for indemnifying Rebels. You know the immediate consequences of your foolish act. The Flames of the Parliament House should have enlightened your Lordship. Ponder on "Macauley's" wisdom Be neither imprudent nor obstinate.

I remain, Your Lordship's

Devoted Servant,

PUNCH IN CANADA.

## PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE.

The following correspondence has been handed to us for publication.

[Copy] COMPAIN TO DOLLY.

*Place D'Armes, Tuesday 2 o'clock.*

SARE—MISTARE DOLLY:

Vat for you sall say dat I can no do the bif-stek, Eh? Repondez moi cela donc—Sare, you sall touch my honour ven you sall touch my cook. I sall tell you to make de soupe and de *fillet de Bœuf aux champignons* I sall give you de lessons, sare. I sall teach you mooth ting you sall nevere learn. Ah, ah, Monsieur Dolly you sall be vicked, sall you, you sall throw your bif-stek in my chops, vich is not cook—but I sall show you de bif-stek vot is cook vich you sall nevere, nevere, nevere do, de bif-stek vid de grande-sauce a la Russe. You sall never do dat sare, comme votre profound serviteur.

CAMILLE COMPAIN,

[Copy.] DOLLY TO COMPAIN.

*Chop House, Great St. James' Street.*

Sauce with beef-steak! you be d——d.

DOLLY.

## REMARKABLE FACTS.

There were 69 applications the other day for a vacant place in the Police. Amongst them were thirteen newly admitted lawyers, and ten brokers.

Several creditors received dividends last week in the Bankrupt Court. It is understood that an Assignee has absconded in consequence.

His honor the Chief Justice has lately given judgment on a motion without taking it *en Délibéré*.

An individual has volunteered to read through the report of the Kingston Penitentiary Commissioners when it is published. It is understood that he has made his will.

## THE FORCE OF SYMPATHY.

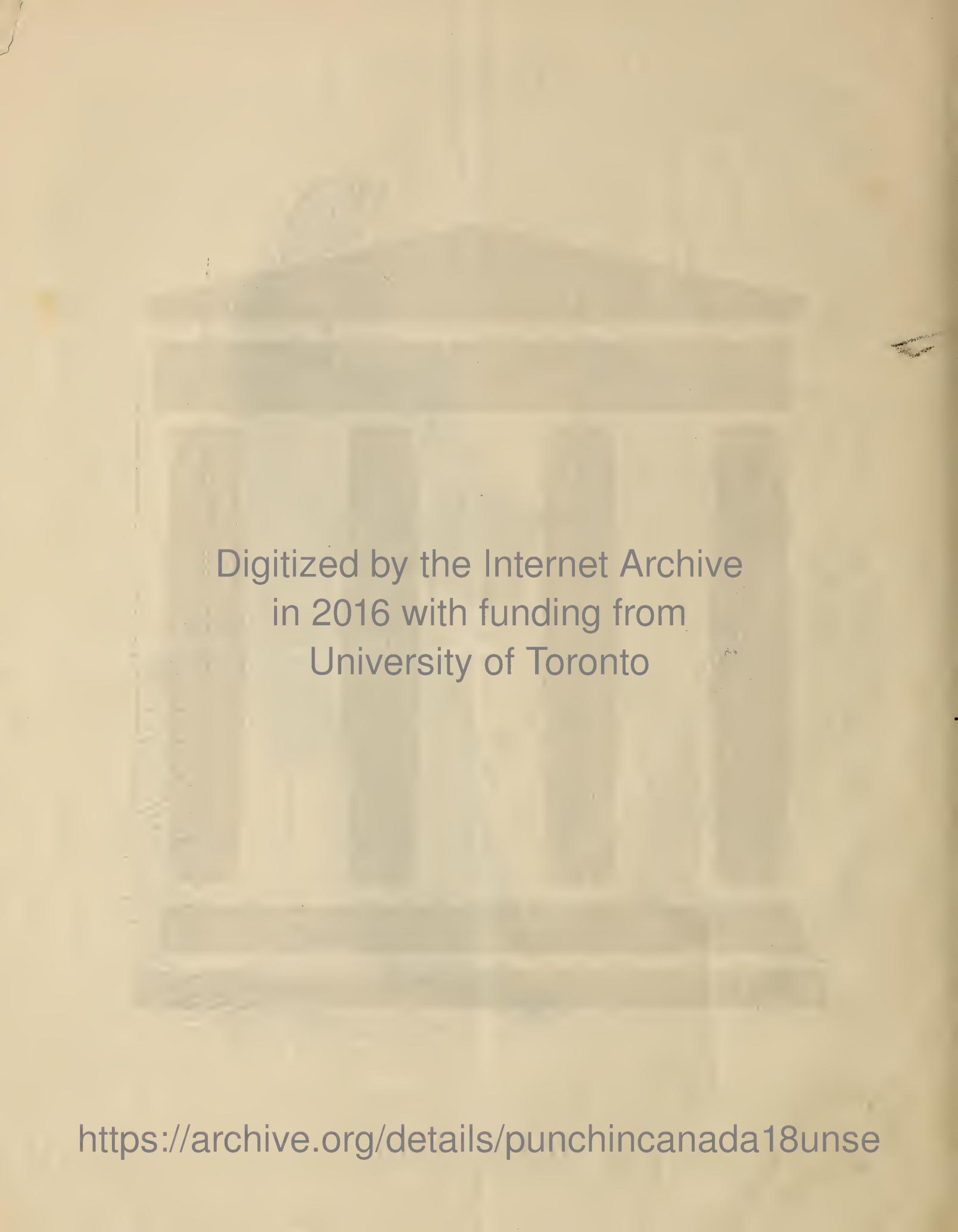
During the debate on the Timber duties the other night, Mr. Holmes declared that his head had never ceased aching, ever since the hon. Inspector General's proposition to impose a duty of seven and sixpence a load on Colonial Wood.

## MISSING.

From Government House; a Scotchman formerly a member of the St. Andrew's Society and of the Thistle Curling Club. He was last heard of as signing some combustible parchments in the late St. Anne's Market, which are supposed to have exploded and consumed the building. When last seen he was on the road to Monkland's the carriage driving at a great rate; in consequence of having been "egged" on by the populace.



A HARD CASE.

A very faint, light blue watermark-like illustration of a classical building with four columns and a triangular pediment occupies the background of the page.

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## PUNCH'S LEAGUE.

TO THE INHABITANTS OF CANADA.

*Fellow Countrymen,*

British American Punch has read the address of the British American League, which he considers reflects the most injurious imputations upon him. Punch hopes that he is a man and a brother, but he cannot allow himself to be outstripped by a League which has not as yet offered a single wood-cut or joke to the Public. Punch tells the League, that the Public have placed the redress of their grievances in Punch's hands: and that it is to them they look, and not to the League, to regulate all questions respecting their own fates "and the happiness and fate of their posterity."

Punch admits that "there is a general depression throughout the Province," owing to the want of a more general perusal of his inimitable columns. If the people will not read Punch they must expect to be miserable, and they deserve to be miserable, and Punch has no pity for them. If the League will expend £600 a year in circulating numbers of Punch, it is admitted by "all men of unbiased judgment and adequate opportunities of observation" and "commercial men of the greatest experience and political economists of every shade of opinion" that grumbling and dissatisfaction will cease. Punch is a thousand Leagues in himself. Punch walks over a thousand Leagues every day of his existence. Punch can walk into a League, and Punch will walk into any League which treads on his corns or crosses the shadow of his venerable hunch.

Punch is a Briton and a "brick," and he denies that any thing about him has been "diluted and weakened" excepting the tea and coffee which is about him at the hour of breakfast; which hour is with him an uncertain hour and at times only half an hour. "The wasteful expenditure of time and talents" has also no application to Punch, although he is a member of the "honorable House." Had money been mentioned; Punch would have "acknowledged the corn." The allusion to the "noble ends" of the members of the League, Punch considers highly indelicate.

In order to secure his rights granted to him by an idolizing Public, Punch has determined to form an organization of his own which will consist of **HIMSELF AND SUBSCRIBERS THROUGHOUT THE WHOLE PROVINCE**, "to be known as PUNCH'S LEAGUE." The objects to be attained by this great agency are, good humor, jollity, and contentment. The interchange very simple. Whenever there are five Punchites, they will form themselves into a club, which on the payment of thirty-seven shillings and six pence will entitle them to receive one hundred and thirty numbers of Punch. These members will be entitled to enrol as many fresh members as they can in each locality; administering the following oath of allegiance on admission:

**"I PROMISE CAREFULLY AND CONTENTEDLY TO READ PUNCH IN A PROPER SPIRIT, NOT TURNING UP MY NOSE AT HIS WITTICISMS OR REFUSING TO LAUGH AT HIS JOKES—GOOD OR BAD. I ALSO PROMISE PUNCTUALLY TO PAY FOR PUNCH IN ADVANCE AND INDUCE MY NEIGHBOURS TO DO LIKEWISE, WHICH WILL BE THE WISEST THING THEY CAN DO."**

"Upon this general basis" it is believed that Punch's followers will soon be a majority of the Colonists, strong to cope with hypocrisy and humbug, and able to put down all imposters.

If indeed, as some have said, the time will come when even Punch must cease to be potent, it can only arrive when the wood-engravers have struck for high wages and the printer's slunk from their duty. Even in that hour, the shadow of Punch will be seen on the roof of No. 10 St. Francois Xavier Street, flourishing his baton and shouting at the top of his voice "Shallabala! Shallabala!! Shallabala!!"

## FLINT UPON PHYSIC.

From his place in the House, Billa Flint has been discoursing in the most flowery style, in favor of the Botanic or Thompsonian school of medicine. Thompson, it appears, found physic in flowers, and flowers in those who had rather go to grass with him, than to their graves with the aid of the more orthodox sons of Galen; and in the course of his remarks, Billa openly avowed his Thompsonian tendency, by moving that the usual privileges be granted to those practitioners whose cunning lies in the culling of simples.

We rather like you Billa, and are inclined to allow that in this instance you are one of the sharpest flints we have met with for some time; but, for the sake of the public, we would object to granting unlimited powers of physicking to the "root-doctors," until the superiority of their practice has been established by a proper course of experiments. *Fiat experimentum in corpore vili*—and we think the Legislature could not do better than make a grant of Sam Mills, for the purpose of testing the efficacy of Flint's physic. Should he sink beneath the treatment, the members will of course go into mourning; but should the result prove favorable, the name of Mills will go down to all posterity, flanked by those of Flint and of Thompson.

Again we say, we like you Billa—and although we have long been convinced that there are sermons in stones, we certainly never before knew that there was so much physic in a Flint.

## HONORABLE MEMBERS.

A certain moralizing Wit whose name we can't take the trouble to remember, observed a troop of Eton boys at play, and pathetically remarked "what a dreadful thing to contemplate that some day many of these happy little fellows will be turned into members of Parliament." How would this moralizer's sympathies be excited to see the specimens of Statesmen this juvenile country has produced! but we believe his mental suffering would not be one quarter so great, as that of the Parliamentary victims themselves. We know little of human nature, if we are wrong in supposing that if many of our Honorable Representatives had not the pleasing pecuniary reward attached to their high position, their interest in the politics of the Province would grow

"Small by degrees and beautifully less"

Perhaps we are peculiarly constituted; but if we sought to avoid the tedium of life by the rational employment of our time, certainly with the police force open to us, we would rather have "Police-man No. 10" upon our collar, than M. P. P. appended to our name. Much more healthful and interesting to our immortal part would be to us—a nightly duty in Notre Dame Street, than in St. Anne's Market: and although Police-man No. 10 does not receive the same number of shillings for keeping awake at night as the M. P. P. receives for sleeping, in his place: yet has he the pure air of Heaven about him and the consciousness of authority simmering at his heart.

Turn to the picture of the dumb "M. P. P" the mere mannikin of Legislation. He takes his seat at four o'clock in the afternoon, and with the exception of an occasional shirk to "the tea and toast of Madame St. Jullien, is nailed for eight hours to his seat." He is a member of "Parle-mont" but he cannot use his tongue and has not courage to say "bo" to a goose, although the goose may be a minister. He sees an iniquity, is perfectly conscious of a wrong committed: yet is he as dumb as an oyster, and only watches for the earliest opportunity to get home, smoke his pipe and slink between the sheets, with a humiliating sense of Parliamentary inability and the pleasing subject for his dreams that he has knocked another twenty shillings out of the Province.

## PUNCH'S SONNETS.

## TO A GOVERNOR.

Saving and sad, Ah! hapless Lord,  
A bitter lot is thine, for babbling guests  
Say that thy fetes are parsimony's tests  
Tho' tea and coffee load thy scanty board,  
And cakes and sweetmeats—all you can afford?  
Hunger and thirst, pleasure's destroyers, wait  
At thy feasts, so drear and desolate,  
Although increasing daily is thy hoard.  
No praises reach thy ear: but Folly's grin,  
Good nature's sigh, and pity's gentle tear:  
Will make thee often wish thou hadst stodest gin  
Or made the corks to fly from "Molson's" beer.  
And now farewell—to gain thy path's secure  
Much, much, thou'lt save, but Ah! how much endure.

## A Legend of a Leg.

"The Dewan's mother, several of her relatives, with many of her Sirdars, together with a great number of her troops and people, were blown into the air." — Official Account of the taking of Moultan.

It wasn't polite, oh dear, ob no,  
To treat an elderly lady so;  
If they had called a coach and pair,  
And asked her out to take the air,  
Or got a steed  
Of uncommon speed,  
That might have been polite indeed,  
But to send her up, baggage and crop,  
Without enquiring where she'd stop,  
How she'd travel, or where she'd go,  
That wasn't polite at all, you know!

But where did the Dewan's Mother go,  
After she left this world of woe?  
Some will talk of a bright abode,  
A half-way house on the starry road,  
A lonely place for a country seat,  
Out of the way of the dust and heat,  
And just the spot for an Indian fair.  
To pick her teeth, and arrange her hair.

But no, ob no! she wasn't there,  
She had no heart to enjoy such fare,  
Her heart was gone, the deuce knows where,  
Her heart and liver,  
May heaven forgive her,  
I'm afraid she hadn't much heart to spare.

Smash, splash, dash, what a terrible crash,  
Somebody's mutton is turned into hash;  
A hiss and a roar  
Like the sea on the shore,  
A cloud  
Like a shroud,  
And then all is o'er.

And of women and children who leapt, wept and ran,  
There's hardly a vestige now left in Moultan.

But where did the Dewan's mother go?  
That's the question; yes or no,  
Shouldn't you like very much to know?  
Look to the map: where the waters flow,  
Washing the banks of the Ho-gang-ho  
Where oranges ripen and myrtles blow,  
And you scent the scent of the sweet Pekoe,  
There sixteen minutes after one,  
When the water was boiled and the breakfast done,  
A Chinese youth who was sucking an egg  
Caught a sight of the matrons' leg;  
Caught a sight, for the noon was clear,  
Of the small red sock, she used to wear  
The small red sock and following "arter,"  
A very small piece of the lady's garter!

What can it mean? See there it goes,  
Only the leg without the toes,  
A single leg in a cloudless sky  
And never a bead nor a body nigh,  
'Twas a comical sight for a youth to spy.  
A single star when it shines out clear,  
And lights the bark of a gondolier;  
Or a single flower that blooms to die,  
Only seen by a single eye;  
Or a single glass of Whiskey punch  
Supped by a friend at a single lunch;

Are things to meet with approbation.  
But a lady's leg at an elevation  
Of sixty miles, and all alone  
Was a sight to make a Chinese groan.

He reported the sight  
That very same night  
To a very great man who vowed he did right,  
There was no doubt  
The leg he'd spied out,  
Was the leg of a spirit who'd got the gout.  
So he called six priests,  
All nasty beasts,  
Who made a terrible noise and rout,  
And ordered the people he's and she's  
All to go on their bended knees,  
Vowing that if  
They were rusty and stiff.  
There wasn't a life that was worth a whiff,  
But if they would give of their sugars and teas,  
Mind their Q's and look after their P's,  
Pray to Foh and give tribute to Fum,  
There wasn't no harm at all should come.

So straight they brought their sugars and teas,  
And every soul went down on his knees,  
And made a terrible bother and bother  
To lay the leg of the Dewan's mother.

But where is the leg? Alack a day!  
Down in a field of rice it lay,  
Never again to walk or prance,  
Never to swim, and never to dance,  
Never to feel the mortal throes  
Coming from over-tight walking shoes,  
Never to know the misery born  
From cutting your toe instead of your corn,  
As still as the leg of a turkey or noddy,  
After its cut for a month from its body.

And then—What then? Listen!  
Six days later—hum—fo—fee,  
(The very man who took the teas,  
And made the people on their knees  
Their money bags and conscience ease,)  
This same man, the horrid sinner,  
Had a party home to dinner,  
And of the dishes rich and rare,  
One was quite a dainty there.  
Some called it chicken, some thought hare,  
This said venison, that one bear,  
But whatsoever name it bore,  
None had tasted such meat before.

Whence did it come? They called the seller,  
A kind of Chinese "Samivel Veller,"  
Who being questioned once or twice,  
Said he found it in the rice,  
And when suspicion had grown hotter,  
Confessed it was a lady's trotter,  
Alas! in spite of Fo and Buddah,  
In cunning sauces made to smother,  
They'd eaten the leg of the Dewan's Mother.

## GUBERNATORIAL MUNIFICENCE.

Punch has heard what has gladdened his heart. After a few Philosophical individuals on Wednesday last had endeavoured to impress on the mind of the lost Governor General, that one egg was equal to a pound of meat by showering on him that delicious article of domestic consumption, he became fearful lest they might visit him at Monklands and "cook his goose." Having a decided objection to any such proceeding he requested the company of an officer's guard of British Bayonets to afford him protection; in return for which he afforded his protectors the most unbounded hospitality. The sumptuous repast spread before the officers in command, after their pleasant walk of three miles was a deal table and a jug of beer. Punch has not ascertained the quality of the beer but from all His Excellency's proceedings thinks it must have been small. The men fared in a similar manner, but they are soldiers and should be enured to hardships. After the exhilarating refreshment of an eight hour's watch, the officers and the men were at cock crow marched back to their barracks. Of course on leaving they gave three hearty cheers for the hospitable Governor; who had thus testified his respect for gentlemen holding her Majesties Commission, and the brave fellows who went to risk their lives in his defence.

**FIRE! FIRE!! FIRE!!!**

For the last two days the cry of Fire has haunted us that we cannot help recommending the inhabitants of Montreal to form themselves into one vast fire company, one half to be employed in burning the city and the other half in looking on. That accomplished they can then turn artificers, and will be sure of plenty of work and no money.

## STATE OF THE MARKETS.

Although Eggs are active; several smashes have occurred in consequence of exorbitant bills having been presented for acceptance, to the holders. Rotten Eggs in great demand, their odour having been discovered to be useful in removing a nuisance.

## TO J. B.

If J. B. who has absented himself from his usual place of business in the City of Montreal, and who has lately come out from England in the employ of Government, but has been detected in passing some bad bills, will return to his disconsolate friends in Scotland, his errors will be forgiven and forgotten by his present employers.

On entering the *Halle de Bonsecours*, Cochon said that the Rebellion Bill had brought the Legislative Pigs to a pretty market.

## PUNCH EXTRA,

On the Rebellion Loss Riots, will be published on Saturday next, May the 5th.

Containing Views of the Burning of the Parliament House, and Portraits of Messrs. Montgomery, Mack, Heward, Ferres, and Perry; the Martyrs to their reverence for England's Queen and England's Principles.